



Swallow Flights.

NEW EDITION OF "POEMS," PUBLISHED IN
1877, WITH TEN ADDITIONAL POEMS.

BY

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,
AUTHOR OF "IN THE GARDEN OF DREAMS," ETC.

Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away.

LORD TENNYSON.

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*D*EAR eyes, that read these lines of mine
As you have read my heart,
Forgive, since you the one divine,
The others' lack of art.





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SWALLOW-FLIGHTS.

*F*ORTH from the wind-swept Country of my Heart,
Fly fast, swift wings !
For hence the summers and their suns depart, —
Here no bird sings.

With spring this country was all verdurous
When first you came ;
Its leafage of sweet songs solicitous ;
Its skies aflame

With dreaming of the summer's warm delights ;
Streams sought the sea ;
White moons made beautiful the waiting nights ;
Your wings were free.

*But here you nested through the smiling spring, —
Through summer, too ;
'Tis autumn now, and pleasant things take wing,
So why not you ?*

*Fly hence, and carry with you all my dreams,
My hopes, my fears ;
Shall I, while sitting by Life's frozen streams,
Weep idle tears ?*

*Fly hence, swift wings — I have been glad with you
In Life's glad spring ;
Heard summer songs, and thought their promise true ;
But now — take wing.*

*You are not doves, that you should bring back leaves
From whelming seas ;
Fly far, swift truants, from my silent eaves, —
Leave me but peace.*

MAY-FLOWERS.



F you catch a breath of sweetness,
And follow the odorous hint
Through woods where the dead leaves rustle
And the golden mosses glint,

Along the spicy sea-coast,
Over the desolate down,
You will find the dainty May-flowers
When you come to Plymouth town.

Where the shy Spring tends her darlings,
And hides them away from sight,
Pull off the covering leaf-sprays
And gather them, pink and white,


Tinted by mystical moonlight,
Freshened by frosty dew,
Till the fair, transparent blossoms
To their pure perfection grew.

Then carry them home to your lady,
For Flower of the Spring is she, —
Pink and white, and dainty and slight,
And lovely as Love can be.

Shall they die because of her beauty?
Shall they live because she is sweet?
They will know for what they were born,
But you — must wait at her feet.



MY SUMMER.

O you think the summer will ever come,
With white of lily and flush of rose, —
With the warm, bright days of joy and June,
So long you dream they will never close?

Will the birds, atilt on the bending boughs,
Sing out their hearts in a mad delight ;
And the golden butterflies, sun-suffused,
Shimmer and shine from morn till night?

Do you think my summer will ever come,
With brow of lily and cheek of rose ?
Shall I hold her fast, — my Joy, my June, —
And dream that my day will never close ?

Will she mock the birds on the bending boughs
 (For her voice is music, — my heart's delight),
Or be content, like the butterflies,
 In the sun of my love from morn till night?



MORNING GLORY.



ARTH'S awake, 'neath the laughing skies,
After the dewy and dreamy night, —
Riot of roses and babel of birds,
All the world in a whirl of delight.

Roses smile in their white content,
Roses blush in their crimson bliss,
As the vagrant breezes wooing them
Ruffle their petals with careless kiss.

Yellow butterflies flutter and float
Jewelled humming-birds glitter and glow,
And scorning the ways of such idle things
Bees flit busily to and fro.

The mocking-bird swells his anxious throat,
Trying to be ten birds in one ;
And the swallow twitters, and dives, and darts
Into the azure to find the sun.

But robin red-breast builds his house
Singing a song of the joy to come,
And the oriole trims his golden vest,
Glad to be back in his last year's home.

Lilies that sway on their slender stalks,
Morning-glories that nod to the breeze,
Bloom of blossoms and joy of birds, —
What in the world is better than these ?



A PAINTED FAN.



ROSES and butterflies snared on a fan,
All that is left of a summer gone by ;
Of swift, bright wings that flashed in the sun,
And loveliest blossoms that bloomed to die !

By what subtle spell did you lure them here,
Fixing a beauty that will not change ;
Roses whose petals never will fall,
Bright, swift wings that never will range ?

Had you owned but the skill to snare as well
The swift-winged hours that came and went,
To prison the words that in music died,
And fix with a spell the heart's content,

Then had you been of magicians the chief ;
And loved and lovers should bless your art,
If you could but have painted the soul of the thing,—
Not the rose alone, but the rose's heart !

Flown are those days with their winged delights,
As the odor is gone from the summer rose ;
Yet still, whenever I wave my fan,
The soft, south wind of memory blows.



LONG IS THE WAY.



LONG is the way, O Lord!

My steps are weak :

I listen for Thy word, —

When wilt Thou speak?

Must I still wander on

'Mid noise and strife ;

Or go as Thou hast gone,

From life to Life?



AUTOMNE.

[FOR A PICTURE BY HAMON.]



H, glad and free was Love until the fall,
Then came a spirit on the frosty air
To chill with icy breath the summer's bloom,
And Love lies with the blossoms, blighted
there.

He throve so kindly all the summer-time, —
Not warmer was the rose's crimson heart;
Dews fell to bless him, and the soft winds blew,
And gentle rains shed tears to ease his smart.

Through long June days and burning August noons,
The flowers and Love stole sweetness from the sun;
Then summer went, — the days grew brief and cold,
The short sweet lives of summer things were done.

No butterfly flits through November's gloom,
No bird-note quivers on its frosty air, —
Sweet Love had wings, and would have flown away,
But Autumn chilled him with the blossoms there.



OUT IN THE SNOW.



THE snow and the silence came down together,
Through the night so white and so still ;
And young folks, housed from the bitter
weather, —
Housed from the storm and the chill, —

Heard in their dreams the sleigh-bells jingle,
Coasted the hill-sides under the moon,
Felt their cheeks with the keen air tingle,
Skimmed the ice with their steel-clad shoon.

They saw the snow when they rose in the morning,
Glittering ghost of the vanished night,
Though the sun shone clear in the winter dawning.
And the day with a frosty pomp was bright.

Out in the clear, cold, winter weather, —

Out in the winter air like wine, —

Kate with her dancing scarlet feather,

Bess with her peacock plumage fine,

Joe and Jack with their pealing laughter,

Frank and Tom with their gay hallo,

And half a score of roisterers after,

Out in the witching, wonderful snow.

Shivering graybeards shuffle and stumble,

Righting themselves with a frozen frown,

Grumbling at every snowy tumble ;

But young folks know why the snow came down.



A WEED.



OW shall a little weed grow,
That has no sun?
Rains fall and north winds blow, —
What shall be done?

Out come some little pale leaves
At the spring's call,
But the harsh north winds blow,
And sad rains fall.

Would'st try to keep it warm
With fickle breath?
He must, who would give life,
Be Lord of death.

Some day you forget the weed, —
Man's thoughts are brief, —
And your coldness steals like frost
Through each pale leaf,

Till the weed shrinks back to die
On kinder sod :
Shall a life which found no sun
In death find God ?



A QUEST.



ALL in the summer even,
When sea and sky were bright,
As royally the sunset
Went forth to meet the night,

My Love and I were sailing
Into the shining West,
To find some Happy Island,
Some Paradise of rest.

We steered where sunset splendor
Made golden all the shore ;
The rocks behind its brightness
Were cruel as before.

Within the caves sang sirens ;
 But there the whirlpools be :
Not there the Happy Islands,
 Not there the peaceful sea.

Toward the deep mid-ocean
 Tides ran and swift winds blew :
It must be there those Islands
 Await the longing view.

Their shores are soft with verdure,
 Their skies for ever fair,
And always is the fragrance
 Of blossoms on the air.

I set our sail to seek them,
 But she, my Love, drew back :
“ Not yet ; the night is chilly,
 I fear that unknown track.”

So home we sailed, at twilight,
To the familiar shore ;
Turned from the golden glory,
To live the old life o'er.

We 'll make no further ventures, —
For timid is my Love, —
Until fresh sailing orders
Are sent us from above.

Then past the deep mid-ocean
'Twixt life and life we 'll steer,
To land on happier islands
Than those we dreamed of here.



SOME DAY OR OTHER.



OME day or other I shall surely come
Where true hearts wait for me ;
Then let me learn the language of that home
While here on earth I be,
Lest my poor lips for want of words be dumb
In that High Company.



THROUGH A WINDOW.



LIE here at rest in my chamber,
And look through the window again,
With eyes that are changed since the old time,
And the sting of an exquisite pain.

'Tis not much that I see for a picture,
Through boughs that are green with the spring, —
A barn with its roof gray and mossy,
And above it a bird on the wing ;

Or, lifting my head a thought higher,
Some hills and a village I know,
And over it all the blue heaven,
With a white cloud floating below.

Ah ! once the roof was a prison,
My mind and the sky were free,
My thoughts with the birds went flying,
And my hopes were a heaven to me.

Now I come from the limitless distance
Where I followed my youth's wild will,
Where they press the wine of delusion
That you drink and are thirsty still ;

And I know why the bird with the springtime
To the gnarled old tree comes back, —
He has tried the south and the summer,
He has felt what the sweet things lack.



WAITING.



'M waiting for my darling,
Here, sitting by the sea,
Whom never any ship that sails
Brings home again to me.

“Oh, sailor ! have you seen her ?
You 'd know her by her eyes, —
So blue they are, so tender,
So full of glad surprise.”

“Yes, I have seen your darling :
A fair wind never fails
To waft the good ship unto
The shore for which she sails.

“ King Death they call the Captain, —
His crew a spectral band, —
He steers with pennons flying
Toward a far-off land.

“ No other ship goes thither,
And back across that main,
The passengers he carries
He never brings again.”



WIFE TO HUSBAND.



F I am dust while thou art quick and glad,
Bethink thee, sometimes, what good cheer
we had, —

What happy days beside the shining seas,
Or by the twilight fire in careless ease,
Reading the rhymes of some old poet lover,
Or whispering our own love-story over.

When thou hast mourned for me a fitting space,
And set another in my vacant place,
Charmed with her brightness, trusting in her truth,
Warmed to new life by her beguiling youth,
Be happy, dearest one, and surely know
I would not have thee thy life's joys forego.

Yet think of me sometimes, where cold and still
I lie, who once was swift to do thy will,
Whose lips so often answered to thy kiss,
Who dying blessed thee for that bygone bliss,—
I pray thee do not bar my presence, quite,
From thy new life, so full of new delight.

I would not vex thee, waiting by thy side ;
My shadow should not chill thy fair young bride ;
Only bethink thee how alone I lie !—
To die and be forgotten were to die
A double death ; and I deserve of thee
Some grace of memory, fair howe'er she be.



AFTER THE MOUNTAINS.

[To L. C. B.]



IN my dreams I see the hill-tops
Where the cloudy pathways led,
You and I have trod together
In the days that now are dead.

Still I see their shining splendors ·
Height on height before me rise,
And the radiance of their glory
Streams across my half-shut eyes.

In my dreams you are beside me, —
Still I hear your tender tone,
And your dear eyes light my darkness
Till I am no more alone,

For with memories I am haunted,
And the silence seems to beat
With the music of your talking
And the coming of your feet.



ALONE BY THE BAY.



He is gone. O my heart, he is gone ;
And the sea remains and the sky,
And the skiffs flit in and out,
And the white-winged yachts go by.

The waves run purple and green,
And the sunshine glints and glows,
And freshly across the Bay
The breath of the morning blows.

Ah, it was better last night,
When the dark shut down on the main,
And the phantom fleet lay still,
And I heard the waves complain ;

For the sadness that dwells in my heart,
And the rune of their endless woe, —
Their longing and void and despair, —
Kept time in their ebb and flow.



MIDSUMMER IN NEW ENGLAND.



THE royalty of midsummer is here !

With daisy blooms the meadow lands are
white ;

And over them the birds chant their delight,
And the blue, listening heavens bend to hear.

Within the lily's painted cup the bee
Swings drowsily, and dreams about the rose
He loved in June, and how her leaves repose
Where none can find them save the winds and he.

The trees are heavy with their wealth of green ;
And under them the waiting maidens walk,
And fill the idle hours with girlish talk
Of such a knight as never girl has seen, —

How he is noble, good, and princely tall ;
And one day he will come from his far place,
And read the blushes in his true love's face,
And she will rise and follow at his call.

And then I see a little painted boat,
Its white sails set to seek the summer sea,
And in that boat two lovers, young and free,
With favoring winds, 'neath smiling skies afloat ;

And all the proud midsummer's glow is come,
And all the joy of flower and bird and bee,
And all the deeper joy when he and she,
Their hearts' midsummer found, with bliss are dumb.



AT ETRETAT.



THE ocean beats against the stern, dumb shore
The stormy passion of its mighty heart, —
The sky, where no stars shine, is black above,
And thou and I sit from the world apart.

We two, with lives no star of hope makes bright, —
Whom bliss forgets, and joy no longer mocks, —
Hark to the wind's wild cry, the sea's complaint,
And break with wind and sea against the rocks.

Sore-wounded, hurled on the dark shore of Fate,
We stretch out helpless hands, and cry in vain, —
Our joy went forth, white-sailed, at dawn of day ;
To-night is pitiless for all our pain.

We are not glad of any morn to come,
Since that winged joy we never more shall see, —
But in the passion of the winds and waves
Something there seems akin to thee and me.

They call! Shall we not go, out on that tide,
To touch, perchance, some shore where tempests
cease,
Where no wind blows, and storm-torn souls forget
Their past disasters in that utmost peace?



THE HOUSE OF DEATH.



NOT a hand has lifted the latchet
Since she went out of the door, —
No footstep shall cross the threshold,
Since she can come in no more.

There is rust upon locks and hinges,
And mold and blight on the walls,
And silence faints in the chambers,
And darkness waits in the halls, —

Waits, as all things have waited,
Since she went, that day of spring,
Borne in her pallid splendor,
To dwell in the Court of the King :

With lilies on brow and bosom,
 With robes of silken sheen,
And her wonderful frozen beauty
 The lilies and silk between.

Red roses she left behind her,
 But they died long, long ago, —
'Twas the odorous ghost of a blossom
 That seemed through the dusk to glow.

The garments she left mock the shadows
 With hints of womanly grace,
And her image swims in the mirror
 That was so used to her face.

The birds make insolent music
 Where the sunshine riots outside ;
And the winds are merry and wanton,
 With the Summer's pomp and pride.

But into this desolate mansion,
Where Love has closed the door,
Nor sunshine nor summer shall enter,
Since she can come in no more.



"SHE WAS WON IN AN IDLE DAY."



HE was won in an idle day, —
Won when the roses were red in June,
And the world was set to a drowsy tune, —
Won by a lover who rode away.

Summer things basked in the summer sun ;
Through the roses a vagrant wind
Stole, their passionate hearts to find,
Found them, and kissed them, and then was gone.

Wooed by the June day's fervid breath,
Violets opened their violet eyes,
Gazed too long at the ardent skies,
And swooned with the dying day to death.

Nothing was earnest, and nothing was true, —
Winds were wanton, and flowers were frail ;
And the idle lover who told his tale,
Warmed by the June sun through and through,

Kissed her lips as the wind the rose, —
Kissed them for joy in the summer day, —
And then was ready to ride away
When over the night the moon arose.

The violets died with the day's last breath ;
The roses slept when the wind was low ;
What chanced to the butterflies, who can know ?
But she — oh, pity her — waits for death !



A LIFE'S LOSS.



O you remember the summer day
You found me down by the ruined mill?
The skies were blue, and the waters bright,
And shadows glanced on the windy hill,
And the stream moaned on.

You sat by my side on the moss-grown log,
Where one whom I loved last night had stood, —
I heard his voice, like an undertone,
While you talked to me in that solitude,
And the stream moaned on.

You did not tell me your heart was mine, —
You only said that my face was fair,
That silks and satins should robe my form,
And jewels should flash among my hair,
And the stream moaned on.

You went away with that careless air,
And smiled as you uttered your light good-by,
But the wind stole down from the frowning hill,
And stood at my side with a gasping sigh,
And the stream moaned on

You remember the pomp of our bridal morn, --
The jewels that mocked the bright sunshine,
The rustling silks, the ringing mirth,
The flush of roses, the flow of wine, —
While the crowd looked on.

I saw a presence they did not see, —
A guest whom they knew not of was there, —
Heart of my heart, he came to mock
My bridal vows with his pale despair,
And my soul moaned on.

You won, that day, what you bargained for, —
My hair to braid your jewels in,
My form to deck with your silken robes,
My face to show to your haughty kin,
But my soul moaned on.

Talk not of love, — you have come too late !
You cannot dispel my heart's eclipse, —
Where your image should be the dead is shrined,
And no voice cries from the death-cold lips,
Though my soul moans on.

Some summer day I shall wander down
Where the waters flow by the ruined mill, —
Where the shadows come, and the shadows go,
There at the foot of the windy hill,
And the stream moans on.

You will find me there, 'neath the whispering wave,
Colder and stiller than ever before, —
The dreams I dreamed and the hopes I hoped
Will be hushed to silence for evermore,
Though the stream moan on.



THE SINGER.



WITHIN the crimson gloom
Of that dim, shaded room
I heard a singer sing.

She sang of life and death,
Of joys that end with breath,
And joys the end doth bring ;

Of passion's bitter pain,
And memory's tears like rain,
Which will not cease to flow ;

Of the deep grave's delights,
Where through long days and nights
They hear the green things grow,

Cool-rooted flowers, which come
So near to that still home,
Their ways the dead must know ;

And shivers in the grass,
When winds of summer pass,
And whisper, as they go,

Of the mad life above,
Where men like masquers move ;
Or are they ghosts?—who knows?—

Sad ghosts who cannot die,
And watch slow years go by
Amid those painted shows.

Who knows? For on her tongue
What never may be sung
Seemed trembling, and we wait

To catch the strain complete,
More full, but not more sweet,
Beyond the golden gate.



HOW LONG?



F on my grave the summer grass were growing,
Or heedless winter winds across it blowing,
Through joyous June or desolate December,
How long, Sweetheart, how long would you
remember,
How long, dear love, how long?

For brightest eyes would open to the summer,
And sweetest smiles would greet the sweet new-comer,
And on young lips grow kisses for the taking
When all the summer buds to bloom are breaking, —
How long, dear love, how long?

To that dim land where sad-eyed ghosts walk only,
Where lips are cold, and waiting hearts are lonely,

I would not call you from your youth's warm blisses ;
Fill up your glass and crown it with new kisses, —
How long, dear love, how long ?

'Too gay, in June, you might be to regret me,
And living lips might woo you to forget me ;
But, ah, Sweetheart, I think you would remember
When winds were weary in your life's December, —
So long, dear love, so long !



THE SONG OF A SUMMER.



PLUCKED an apple from off a tree,
Golden and rosy and fair to see, —
The sunshine had fed it with warmth and light,
The dews had freshened it night by night,
And high on the topmost bough it grew,
Where the winds of Heaven about it blew ;
And while the mornings were soft and young
The wild birds circled, and soared, and sung, —
There, in the storm and calm and shine,
It ripened and brightened, this apple of mine,
Till the day I plucked it from off the tree,
Golden and rosy and fair to see.

How could I guess 'neath that daintiest rind
That the core of sweetness I hoped to find —

The innermost, hidden heart of the bliss,
Which dews and winds and the sunshine's kiss
Had tended and fostered by day and night —
Was black with mildew, and bitter with blight ;
Golden and rosy and fair of skin,
Nothing but ashes and ruin within ?
Ah, never again, with toil and pain,
Will I strive the topmost bough to gain, —
Though its wind-swung apples are fair to see,
On a lower branch is the fruit for me.



IF.



WHAT had I been, lost Love, if you had loved me?

A woman, smiling as the smiling May, —
As gay of heart as birds that carol gaily
Their sweet young songs to usher in the day —

As ardent as the skies that brood and brighten
O'er the warm fields in summer's happy prime, —
As tender as the veiling grace that softens
The harshest shapes in twilight's tender time.

Like the soft dusk I would have veiled your harshness
With tenderesses that were not your due, —
Your very faults had blossomed into virtues
Had you known how to love me and be true.

It had been well for you, — for me how blessèd !

But shall we ask the wind to blow for aye

From one same quarter, — keep at full for ever

The white moon smiling in a changeless sky ?

Change is the law of wind and moon and lover, —

And yet, I think, lost Love, had you been true,

Some golden fruits had ripened for your plucking

You will not find in gardens that are new.



FIAT JUSTITIA.



ES, all is ended now, for I have weighed thee, —
 Weighed the light love that has been held
 so dear, —
 Weighed word and look and smile, that have betrayed
 thee,
 The careless grace that was not worth a tear.

Holding these scales, I marvel at the anguish
 For thing so slight that long my heart has torn, —
 For God's great sun the prisoner's eyes might languish.
 Not for a torch by some chance passer borne.

I do not blame thee for thy heedless playing •
 On the strong chords whose answer was so full, —
 Do children care, through daisied meadows straying,
 What hap befalls the blossoms that they pull?

Go on, gay trifer ! Take thy childish pleasure :
On thee, for thee, may summer always shine :
Too stern were Justice, should she seek to measure
Thy fitful love by the strong pain of mine.



AT THE LAST.



COME once, just once, dear Love, when I am
dead, —

Ah God, I would it were this hour, to-
night, —

And look your last upon the frozen face
That was to you a summer's brief delight.


The silent lips will not entreat you then,
Nor the eyes vex you with unwelcome tears :
The low, sad voice will utter no complaint,
Nor the heart tremble with its restless fears.

I shall be still, — you will forgive me then
For all that I have been, or failed to be, —
Say, as you look, “ Poor Heart, she loved me well ;
Will any other be so true to me ? ”

Then bend and kiss the lips that will not speak, —
One little kiss for all the dear, dead days, —
Say once, "God rest her soul!" then go in peace, —
No haunting ghost shall meet you in your ways.



WHAT SHE SAID IN HER TOMB.

OW, at last, I lie asleep
Where no morrows break, —
Why take heed to tread so soft? —
Fear you lest I wake?

Time there was when I was red
As a rose in June
With the kisses of your lips, —
Ah, they failed me soon.

Now they would not warm my mouth
Though they fell like rain :
I am marble, dear ; and they
Marble cannot stain.

Ah, if you had loved me more,
 Been content to wait,
Some time you had found the key
 To Love's inmost gate.

Why, indeed, should any man
 Wait for Autumn days,
When the present Summer woos
 To her rosy ways ?

Only, — now I lie here dead ;
 I shall not awake,
And you need not tread so soft
 For my deaf ears' sake.



A SUMMER'S GHOST.



F that old Summer can you still recall
The pomp wherewith the strong sun rose
and set :
How bright the moon shone on the shining fields,
What wild, sweet blossoms with the dew were wet ?
Can you still hear the merry robins sing,
And see the brave red lilies gleam and glow,
The waiting wealth of bloom, the reckless bees
That woo their wild-flower loves, and sting, and go ?
Can you still hear the waves that round the shore
Broke in soft joy, and told delusive tales, —
“ We go, but we return : Love comes and goes ;
And eyes that watch see homeward-faring sails.”

“’Twas thus in other seasons ! ” Ah, may be !
But I forget them, and remember this, —
A brief, warm season, and a fond, brief love,
And cold, white Winter after bloom and bliss.



LOVER AND FRIEND HAST THOU PUT
FAR FROM ME.

PSALM lxxxviii. 18.



HEAR the soft September rain intone,
And cheerful crickets chirping in the grass, —
I bow my head, I, who am all alone:
The light winds see, and shiver as they pass.

No other thing is so bereft as I, —
The rain-drops fall, and mingle as they fall, —
The chirping cricket knows his neighbour nigh, —
Leaves sway responsive to the light wind's call.

But Friend and Lover Thou hast put afar,
And left me only Thy great, solemn sky, —
I try to pierce beyond the farthest star
To search Thee out, and find Thee ere I die ;

But dim my vision is, or Thou dost hide
Thy sacred splendour from my yearning eyes :
Be pitiful, O God, and open wide
To me, bereft, Thy heavenly Paradise.

Give me one glimpse of that sweet, far off rest, —
Then I can bear Earth's solitude again ;
My soul, returning from that heavenly quest,
Shall smile, triumphant, at each transient pain.

Nor would I vex my heart with grief or strife,
Though Friend and Lover Thou hast put afar,
If I could see, through my worn tent of Life,
The steadfast shining of Thy morning star.



BEAUTY FOR ASHES.



BEAUTY for ashes thou hast brought me, dear !

A time there was when all my soul lay waste,
As ere the dawn the earth lies dark and drear,
Whereto the golden feet of morn make haste.

Like morn thou camest, blessings in thy hands,
And gracious pity round thine ardent mouth, —
Like dews of morning upon waiting lands,
Thy tender tears refreshed my spirit's drouth.

To-day is calm. Far off the tempest raves
That long ago swept dead men to the shore, —
I can forget the madness of the waves, —
Against my hopes and me they break no more.

White butterflies flit shining in the sun, —
Red roses burst to bloom upon the tree, —
Birds call to birds till the glad day is done,
The day of beauty thou hast brought to me.

Shall I forget, O gentle heart and true,
How thy fair dawn has risen on my night, —
Turned dark to day, all golden through and through, —
From soil of grief won bloom of new delight ?



TO MY HEART.



IN thy long, lonely times, poor aching heart !
When days are slow, and silent nights are sad,
Take cheer, weak heart, remember and be glad,
For some one loved thee.

Some one, indeed, who cared for fading face,
For time-touched hair, and weary-falling arm,
And in thy very sadness found a charm
To make him love thee.

God knows thy days are desolate, poor heart !
As thou dost sit alone, and dumbly wait
For what comes not, or comes, alas ! too late,
But some one loved thee.

Take cheer, poor heart, remembering what he
said,
And how of thy lost youth he missed no grace,
But saw some subtler beauty in thy face,
So well he loved thee.

It may be, on Time's farther shore, the dead
Love the sweet shades of those they missed on this,
And dream, in heavenly rest, of earth's lost bliss, —
So he shall love thee.

Till then take cheer, poor, silent, aching heart ;
Content thee with the face he once found fair,
Mourn not for fading bloom or time-touched hair,
Since he hath loved thee.



ALIEN WATERS.



WANDERED long beside the alien waters,
For summer suns were warm, and winds
were dead :

Fields fair as hope were stretching on before me,
Forbidden paths were pleasant to my tread.

From boughs that hung between me and the heavens
I gathered summer fruitage, red and gold :
For me, the idle singers sang of pleasure :
My days went by like stories that are told.

On my rose-tree grew roses for my plucking,
As red as love, or pale as tender pain, —
I found no thorns to vex me in my garlands :
Each day was good, and no rose bloomed in vain.

Sometimes I danced, as in a dream, to music,
And kept quick time with many flying feet,
And some one praised me in the music's pauses,
And very young was life, and love was sweet.

How could I listen to the low voice calling,
"Come hither, — leave thy music and thy mirth?"
How could I stop to hear of far-off Heaven?
I lived, and loved, and was a child of earth.

Then came a hand and took away my treasures,
Dimmed my fine gold, cut my fair rose-tree down,
Changed my dance music into notes of wailing,
Quenched the bright day, and turned my green
fields brown.

Till, walking lonely through the empty places
Where Love and I no more kept holiday,
My sad eyes, growing wonted to the darkness,
Beheld a new light shining far away:

And I could bear my hopes should lie around me,
Dead like my roses, fall'n before their time, —
For well I knew some tender Spring would raise
them
To brighter blossoming in Hope's fair clime.



LOOKING BACK.



MAY live long, but some old days
Of dear, deep joy akin to pain, —
Some suns that set on woodland ways
Will never rise for me again.

By shining sea, and glad, green shore
That frolic waves ran home to kiss,
Some words I heard that nevermore
Will thrill me with their mystic bliss.

Oh Love, still throbs your living heart, —
You have not crossed death's sullen tide :
A deeper deep holds us apart :
We were more near if you had died, —
If you had died in those old days
When light was on the shining sea,
And all the fragrant woodland ways
Were paths of hope for you and me.

Dead leaves are in those woodland ways, —
Cold are the lips that used to kiss, —
'T were idle to recall those days,
Or sigh for all that vanished bliss.
Do you still wear your old-time grace,
And charm new loves with ancient wiles? —
Could I but watch your faithless face,
I'd know the meaning of your smiles.



A PROBLEM.



Y darling has a merry eye,
And voice like silver bells :
How shall I win her, prithee, say, —
By what magic spells?

If I frown, she shakes her head ;
If I weep, she smiles :
Time would fail me to recount
All her wilful wiles.

She flouts me so, — she stings me so, —
Yet will not let me stir, —
In vain I try to pass her by,
My little chestnut bur.

When I yield to every whim,
 She straight begins to pout.
Teach me how to read my love,
 How to find her out!

For flowers she gives me thistle-blooms, —
 Her turtle-doves are crows, —
I am the groaning weather-vane,
 And she the wind that blows.

My little love! My teasing love
 Was woman made for man, —
A rose that blossomed from his side?
 Believe it — those who can.



AT A WINDOW.



JUST a flower on the window-sill,
That a kindly visitor's hand has brought,
And the lame boy, sitting there patient and
still,

Tastes the summer with beauty fraught,
And greets the June and its roses at will,
And gathers a blossom with every thought.

Just a bird, with its bright, quick eye
Glancing in at the window there,
Dropping a note of song from the sky,
And off, swift-winged, on the summer air ;
But a thousand singers with him go by,
And sing, and the boy is well aware.

If the summer comes with a single rose.

And in one bird's note sings the summer choir.

And the whole bright world around him glows

At the summoning breath of a boy's desire.

Shall we wait for reasons, and ask, "Who knows?"

Of souls aglow with the heavenly fire?



TO A LADY IN A PICTURE.



SITTING in that picture,

Smiling night and day,

Do you never weary,

Long to weep or pray?

Though your dress is velvet,

And your hair is gold,

I see something in your eyes

That you have not told.



MY CAPTIVE.



CAUGHT a little bird, and I shut him in a
cage,
And I said, "Now, my pet, I love thee
dearly.

Fold thy bright wings, nor let thy fancy range:
Thou'rt mine own, so sing, I pray thee, cheerly."

But, oh, the little bird, he fluttered still his wings,
And with bright, wild eyes he never ceased to watch
me,
And I only heard him say, "'Tis a free heart that sings, —
Open my door, and I'll sing till you catch me."

I brought him dainty food, and I soothed him long and
well,
But the timid little heart ceased not to tremble.
I decked his cage with flowers, with leaves I wrought a
spell,
By such fond device his capture to dissemble.

But still he missed above him the far and shining sky,
And still he missed about him the free wind's blowing.
He beat his little wings, for he had no space to fly,
And his bright, wild eyes like twin stars were glowing.

And I heard his little heart, as it throbbed so loud and
fast,
And my love and my pity wrought together,
Till I opened wide his door, and I said, "Thy thraldom's
past.
Fly away, bright wings, and seek the summer weather."

But now I think he loves me, since I have made him
free, —

For often, oftentimes, at daybreak or at gloaming,
I think I hear a song that seems to be for me, —

“Throw wide the door, to keep a heart from roaming.”



ROSES.



HAROLD, on a summer day,
Gave me roses for my hair, —
Roses red, and roses white,
As if pale with Love's despair.

White ones for my brow, he said,
Red to blush beside my cheek, —
And a bud to whisper me
Something that he dared not speak.

Ah, that summer day is over,
And its brightness comes not back :
Harold's roses something held
Other roses seem to lack.

Blossoms bloom along my path
Red and white as those were then,—
But the words that Harold spoke
I can never hear again.



DOWN THE RIVER.

TO E. M. H.



DOWN the wonderful, magical river
We drifted that summer night;
And we almost heard the shiver
Of the wind through the trees on our right;
And the moon-rays seemed to quiver
On your face, like the moonlight white.


And the tide with a soft resistance
Withstood our keel from below;
But the yacht with its firm insistence
Dropped down to the city below;
And we saw in the mystical distance
The white skiffs come and go.

And your eyes in the moonlight tender
Had things as tender to say ;
And your hand, so timid and slender,
In mine forgetfully lay ;
And how my dream shall I render,
As we drifted into the bay ?

But there were the lights of the city,
And in vain was the white moon white ;
And the town, with its glare, had no pity
For the dream of a summer night ;
So I turn the dream to a ditty
To sing to you, Heart's Delight !



LOVE'S LAND.

“N the South is Love's land,
Where the roses blow,
Where the summer lingers
Fearless of the snow.
There no winter chills it,
So its life is long, —
Gentle breezes fan it,
Age but makes it strong.”

“Nay, fresh roses wither
Where the sun is hot, —
Not in torrid regions
Blooms Forget-me-not.
Love's a tender blossom
Which the Winter chills,
But the eager Summer
Kisses it, and kills.”

HER WINDOW.



OUT of her window, that morn of grace,
She leaned her radiant, beautiful face, —
The sun, ashamed, went into a cloud ;
But, glad of the dawning, the birds sang loud.

A laggard went up the garden walk,
And lingered to hear the murmuring talk
Of flower and bee and every comer
That fluttered along in front of the summer.

He quaffed the wine of the morning air,
And felt with a thrill that the day was fair, —
Then he raised his eyes to her window's height, —
“ Ah, me,” he said, “ but the sun is bright ! ”

A MADRIGAL.



LOVE is a day, Sweetheart, shining and bright :
It hath its rose-dawn ere the morning light ;
Its glow and glory of the sudden sun ;
Its noon-tide heat as the swift hours wear on ;
Its fall of dew, and silver-lighted night, —
Love is a day, Sweetheart, shining and bright.

Love is a year, Beloved, bitter and brief :
It hath its spring of bud, and bloom and leaf ;
Its summer burning from the fervid South
Till all the fields lie parched and faint with drouth ;
Its autumn, when the leaves sweep down the gale,
When skies are grey, and heart and spirit fail ;
Its winter white with snow, more white with grief, —
Love is a year, Beloved, bitter and brief.

Love is a life, Sweetheart, ending in death :
Is it worth while to mourn its fleeting breath, —
Light-footed youth, or sad, fore-casting prime,
Joy of young hope, or grief of later time ?
What pain or pleasure stays its parting breath ?
Love is a life, Sweetheart, ending in death.



QUESTION.



DEAR and blessed dead ones, can you look and
listen

To the sighing and the moaning down here
below?

Does it make a discord in the hymns of Heaven,—
The discord that jangles in the life you used to know?

When we pray our prayers to the great God above you,
Does the echo of our praying ever glance aside your
way?

Do you know the thing we ask for, and wish that you
could give it,
You, whose hearts ached with wishing in your own
little day?

Are your ears deaf with praises, you blessed dead of
Heaven,

And your eyes blind with glory, that you cannot see
our pain?

If you saw, if you heard, you would weep among the
angels,

And the praises and the glory would be for you in
vain.

Yet He listens to our praying, the great God of pity,

As He fills with pain the measure of our Life's little
day, —

Could He bear to sit and shine there, on His white throne
in Heaven,

But that He sees the end, while we only see the way?



I FAIN WOULD GO.



WAY from carking care,
From passion and despair,
From hopes that but delude,
And blasts that are too rude, —
From friendships that betray,
And joys that pass away,
And love that turns to hate
In hearts left desolate,
I fain would go.

From weary days and nights,
And ghosts of lost delights, —
Fair phantoms of dead days,
That wander through old ways, —

I FAIN WOULD GO.

From parting's bitter pain,
And meeting's transient gain,
And death that mocks us so,
With glad life's overthrow, —
I fain would go,

To some fair land and far,
Where all my lost ones are,
Where smiles shall bloom anew,
And friendship shall be true,
Where falls no weary night,
Since God Himself is light, —
Across the soundless sea
To that far land, and free,
I fain would go.



THE SPRING IS LATE.



HE stood alone amidst the April fields, —
Brown, sodden fields, all desolate and bare, —
“The spring is late,” she said, — “the faithless
spring,
That should have come to make the meadows fair.

“Their sweet South left too soon, among the trees
The birds, bewildered, flutter to and fro ;
For them no green boughs wait, — their memories
Of last year’s April had deceived them so.


“From ’neath a sheltering pine some tender buds
Looked out, and saw the hollows filled with snow ;
On such a frozen world they closed their eyes ;
When spring is cold, how can the blossoms blow ?”

She watched the homeless birds, the slow, sad spring,
The barren fields, and shivering, naked trees :
“ Thus God has dealt with me, his child,” she said, —
“ I wait my spring-time, and am cold like these.

“ To them will come the fulness of their time ;
Their spring, though late, will make the meadows fair ;
Shall I, who wait like them, like them be blest ?
I am His own, — doth not my Father care ? ”



SELFISH PRAYER.

OW we, poor players on Life's little stage,
Thrust blindly at each other in our rage,
Quarrel and fret, yet rashly dare to pray
To God to help us on our selfish way.

We think to move Him with our prayer and praise,
To serve our needs ; as in the old Greek days
Their gods came down and mingled in the fight
With mightier arms the flying foe to smite.

The laughter of those gods pealed down to men,
For Heaven was but earth's upper story then
Where goddesses about an apple strove,
And the high gods fell humanly in love.

We own a God whose presence fills the sky, —
Whose sleepless eyes behold the worlds roll by ;
Shall not His memory number, one by one,
The sons of men, who calls them each His son ?



FOR ME ALONE.



BECAUSE your eyes are blue, your lips are red,
And the soft hair is golden on your head,
And your sweet smiling can make glad the
day,

And on your cheeks pink roses have their way,
Should I adore you?

Since other maids have shining golden hair,
And other cheeks the June's pink roses wear,
And other eyes can set the day alight,
And other lips can smile with youth's delight, —
Why bow before you?

But if the eyes are blue for me alone,
And if for only me the rose has blown,
And but for me the lips their sweet smile wear,
Then shall you mesh me in your golden hair, —
I will adore you.

And as my saint, my soul's one shining star,
That lights my darkness from its throne afar
As lights the summer moon the waiting sea,
With all I am, and all I strive to be,
I'll bow before you.



AD TE DOMINE.



THOU who sendest dewdrops to the garden,
Until each fragrant bud receives its own,
Canst Thou not look on human hearts and
pardon
To waiting loneliness its bitter moan?

The flowers can drink the dawn, — it hastens to them ;
But hearts athirst wait sadly for their hour,
For the sweet gift that may, perchance, undo them, —
Too fatal sweet a dew for human flower.

IF I COULD KEEP HER SO.



JUST a little baby, lying in my arms, —
 Would that I could keep you, with your baby
 charms ;

Helpless, clinging fingers, downy, golden hair,
 Where the sunshine lingers, caught from elsewhere ;
 Blue eyes asking questions, lips that cannot speak,
 Roly-poly shoulders, dimple in your cheek ;
 Dainty little blossom in a world of woe,
 Thus I fain would keep you, for I love you so.

Roguish little damsel, scarcely six years old, —
 Feet that never weary, hair of deeper gold ;
 Restless, busy fingers all the time at play,
 Tongue that never ceases talking all the day ;

Blue eyes learning wonders of the world about,
Here you come to tell them, — what an eager shout! —
Winsome little damsel, all the neighbours know ;
Thus I long to keep you, for I love you so.

Sober little schoolgirl, with your strap of books,
And such grave importance in your puzzled looks ;
Solving weary problems, poring over sums,
Yet with tooth for sponge-cake and for sugar-plums ;
Reading books of romance in your bed at night,
Waking up to study with the morning light ;
Anxious as to ribbons, deft to tie a bow,
Full of contradictions, — I would keep you so.

Sweet and thoughtful maiden, sitting by my side,
All the world's before you, and the world is wide ;
Hearts are there for winning, hearts are there to break,
Has your own, shy maiden, just begun to wake ?

Is that rose of dawning glowing on your cheek
Telling us in blushes what you will not speak?
Shy and tender maiden, I would fain forego
All the golden future, just to keep you so.

Ah! the listening angels saw that she was fair,
Ripe for rare unfolding in the upper air;
Now the rose of dawning turns to lily white,
And the close-shut eyelids veil the eyes from sight;
All the past I summon as I kiss her brow, —
Babe, and child, and maiden, all are with me now.
Though my heart is breaking, yet God's love I know, —
Safe among the angels, I would keep her so.



ANNIE'S DAUGHTER.



HE lingering charm of a dream that has fled,
The rose's breath when the rose is dead,
The echo that lives when the tune is done,
The sunset glories that follow the sun,
Every thing tender and every thing fair
That was, and is not, and yet is there, —
I think of them all when I look in these eyes,
And see the old smile to the young lips rise.

I remember the lilacs, all purple and white,
And the turf at the feet of my heart's delight,
Sprinkled with daisies and violets sweet —
Daintiest floor for the daintiest feet —

And the face that was fond, and foolish, and fair,
And the golden grace of the floating hair,
And the lips where the glad smiles came and went,
And the lashes that shaded the eyes' content.

I remember the pledge of the red young lips
And the shy, soft touch of the finger-tips,
And the kisses I stole, and the words we spoke,
And the ring I gave, and the coin we broke,
And the love that never should change or fail
Though the earth stood still or the stars turned pale;
And again I stand, when I see these eyes,
A glad young Fool, in my Paradise.

For the earth and the stars remained as of old,
But the love that had been so warm grew cold.
Was it She? Was it I? — I don't remember:
Then it was June, — it is now December.

But again I dream the old dream over,
My Annie is young, and I am her lover
When I look in this Annie's gentle eyes
And see the old smile to the young lips rise.



LOOKING INTO THE WELL.



P in the maples the robins sung,
The winds blew over the locusts high,
And along the path by their boughs o'erhung
We wandered gaily, Lulu and I, —
Wandered along in pleasant talk,
Pausing our nursery tales to tell,
Till we came to the end of the shaded walk
And sat, at last, by the moss-grown well.
She was a child, and so was I :
It mattered not that we told our love, —
Whispered it there, with no one nigh
Save birds that sang in the trees above.
I looked down into her shy blue eyes,
She at my face in the shaded well :
I saw the glow to her fair cheek rise,
Like pink in the heart of an ocean shell.

Again in the trees the robins sung ;
The gold had deepened upon her hair :
The locusts over the pathway hung
To look at her face so still and fair.
I said no word : I sat by her side
Contented to hold her hand in mine
Dreaming of love and a fair young bride, —
Visions that truth would have made divine.
The robin's song took a clearer tone,
The sky was a tenderer, deeper blue :
Her face in the limpid waters shone, —
I thought her eyes were holy and true.

I walked alone to the shaded well
When locusts bloomed in the next year's
June, —
The shadows along my pathway fell,
The wild birds sang a sorrowful tune.

She had given her shining hair's young gold,
Her holy brow and her eyes of blue,
The form I had scarcely dared to fold,
To a wealthy suitor who came to woo :
Had sold, for jewels and land and name,
Youth and beauty and love and grace, —
Alone I cursed the sin and shame,
And started to see my own dark face
Mirrored there in the well below,
With its haggard cheek and its lines of care,
Where I once had seen a girlish brow
And shy blue eyes and golden hair.

Years have passed since that summer day
Went over the hills with its silent tread :
I walk alone where its glory lay, —
I am lonely, and Lulu is dead.
Dust is thick on her shining hair,
A shroud is folded across her breast,

The winds blow over the locusts where
 She lies at last, alone and at rest.
Youth and beauty, and love and grace,
 Wealth and station, joy and pain,—
If she dream at all in that lonely place,
 She will know, at length, that her life was vain.

I do not think of her heart's disgrace,
 Looking into the waters there ;
For I seem to see once more a face
 With shy blue eyes and golden hair.
Out among men she walks by my side—
 For me she lives whom the world calls dead, —
I talk at night to my shadow bride,
 And pillow in dreams her golden head.
They broke her heart, — so the gossips tell, —
 Who sold her hand for wealth and a name ;
But I see her face in the cool, deep well,
 And its innocent beauty is still the same.

LIKE A CHILD.



LAYING there in the sun, chasing the butterflies,
Catching his golden toy, holding it fast till it dies,
Singing to match the birds, calling the robins at will,
Glancing here and there, never a moment still, —
Like a child.

Going to school at last, learning to read and write,
Puzzled over his slate, busy from morn till night,
Striving to win a prize, careless when it is won,
Finding his joy in the strife, not in the thing that's done.

Busy in eager trade, buying, and selling again,
Chasing a golden prize, glad of a transient gain,
Always beginning anew, never the long task done,
Just as it used to be with the butterfly in the sun.

Seeking a woman's heart, winning it for his own,
Then, too busy for love, letting it turn to stone :
Sure of his plighted troth, what more had a wife to ask ?
Is he not doing for her each day his daily task ?

A child, to pine and complain,—a child, to grow so
pale,—
For want of some foolish words shall the faith of a woman
fail ?
Words ! he said them once, — what need of any thing
more ?
Does one who has entered a room go back and wait at
the door ?

Baby Mary and Kate never can climb his knee :
Motherly arms are open, — but “Father's busy, you see.”
Too busy to stop to hear a babble of broken talk,
To mend the jumping-jack or make the new doll walk.

So busy that when Death comes he pleads for a little
delay,

If not to finish his work, at the least^d a word to say, —
A word to wife and child, a sentence to tell the truth,
That he loves them now, at the last, with the passionate
heart of youth.

The kisses of Death are cold, and they turn his lips to
stone:

Out of the warm, bright world the man goes all alone.
Do Angels wait for him there, over the soundless sea?
He goes, as he came, all helpless, to a new world's
mystery —

Like a child.



A SONG IN THE WOOD.



FOUND a shy little violet root

Half hid in the woods, on a day of spring,

And a bird flew over, and looked at it, too,

And for joy, as he looked, he began to sing

The sky was the tenderest blue above, —

And the flower like a bit of the sky below ;

And between them the wonderful winds of God

On heavenly errands went to and fro.

Away from the summer, and out of the South

The bird had followed a whisper true,

As out from the brown and desolate sod

Stepped the shy little blossom, with eyes of blue

And he sang to her, in the young spring day,
Of all the joy in the world astir ;
And her beauty and fragrance answered him,
While the spring and he bent over her.



MY BOY.



HAD a little bird once,
But he has flown away
I had a little boy once,
But ah, he did not stay.

What do they up in Heaven,
That Bird and Boy should fly,
And leave my home so empty
To seek the far-off sky?

What do they up in Heaven? —
Perchance the angels sing,
And, when they heard that music,
My Bird and Boy took wing.

The heavenly flowers bloom always,
The skies are always bright,
And all the little children
Play there from morn till night.

But do they never weary,
And long to go to rest,
Like little human children,
Upon a mother's breast ?

My home and arms are empty,
My longing heart is sore,
Since they who sought the summer
Come back to me no more.

How softly falls the twilight, —
The sunset fires are out :
A wind that comes from Heaven
Blows slowly round about.

I close my eyes and listen,
And presently I hear
A small voice through the darkness
Sigh, "Mother — I am near.

"Come, take me in, dear mother,
And rock me as of old :
I used to be so happy
Within your tender hold !

"There sorrow cannot find me,
And pain shall pass me by, —
When you enfold who love me,
What danger can come nigh ?

"So safe I was in Heaven,
So bright the shining days !
But, from afar, your weeping
Disturbed the hymns of praise,

“Till the dear Lord and gentle
Sent me to soothe your pain,
And, if you fain would keep me,
He bids me to remain.”

I kissed his tender eyelids,
I laid him on my heart ;
And yet, when came the dawning,
I prayed him to depart.

I feared the unknown future,
I feared the paths untried, —
How dared I keep my darling
When Heaven was opened wide ?

But, ah, my heart is lonely
Since Boy and Bird have fled, —
I hear the silence only,
And wish that I were dead.

TROTTLIGHT.

[*For the Golden Wedding of a Husband thirty-seven years blind.*]



BROUGHT her home, my bonny bride,
Just fifty years ago ;
Her eyes were bright,
Her step was light,
Her voice was sweet and low.

In April was our wedding-day, —
The maiden month, you know,
Of tears and smiles,
And wilful wiles,
And flowers that spring from snow.

My love cast down her dear, dark eyes
 As if she fain would hide
From my fond sight
Her own delight,
 Half shy yet happy bride.

But blushes told the tale, instead,
 As plain as words could speak,
In dainty red
That overspread
 My darling's dainty cheek.

For twice six years and more I watched
 Her fairer grow each day,—
My babes were blest
Upon her breast,
 And she was pure as they.

And then an angel touched my eyes,
 And turned my day to night,
That fading charms
Or time's alarms
 Might never vex my sight.

Thus sitting in the dark I see
 My darling as of yore, —
With blushing face
And winsome grace,
 Unchanged, for evermore.

Full fifty years of young and fair!
 To her I pledge my vow
Whose spring-time grace
And April face
 Have lasted until now.

THE HOUSE IN THE MEADOW.



T stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its cumbrous old stone chimneys,
And the grey roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms round it,
The trees a century old ;
And the winds go chaunting through them,
And the sunbeams sift their gold.

The cowslips spring in the meadows,
The roses bloom on the hill,
And beside the brook in the pasture
The herds are feeding at will.

Within, in the wide old kitchen,
The old folk sit in the sun
That creeps through the sheltering woodbine
Till the day is almost done.

Their children grew up and left them, —
They sit in the sun alone,
And the old wife's ears are failing
As she harks to the well-known tone

That won her heart in her girlhood,
That has soothed her in many a care,
And praises her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal,
How, dressed in her robe of white,
She stood by her gay young lover
In the morning's rosy light : —

Oh, the morning is rosy as ever,
 But the rose from her cheek has fled ;
And the sunshine still is golden,
 But it shines on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,
 Come back in her winter time
Till her feeble pulses tremble
 With the thrill of spring-time's prime.

And, looking forth from the window,
 She thinks how the trees have grown
Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,
 She crossed the old door-stone.

Though dimmed her eyes' bright azure,
 And dimmed her hair's young gold,
The love in her girlhood plighted
 Has never grown dim nor cold.

They sat in peace in the sunshine
Till the day was almost done,
And then, at its close, an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together,
He touched their eyelids with balm,
And their last breath floated outward
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed
The unseen, mystical road
That leads to the Beautiful City
Whose Builder and Maker is God.

Perchance in that miracle country
They will give her lost youth back,
And the flowers of the vanished spring-time
Will bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught from the living waters
 Shall call back his manhood's prime ;
And eternal years shall measure
 The love that outlasted time.

But the shapes that they left behind them,
 The wrinkles and silver hair, —
Made holy to us by the kisses
 The angel had printed there, —

We will hide away 'neath the willows
 When the day is low in the west,
Where the sunbeams cannot find them
 Nor the winds disturb their rest ;

And we 'll suffer no tell-tale tombstone,
 With its age and date, to rise
O'er the two who are old no longer
 In the Father's house in the skies.

FROM DUSK TO DAWN.



T was just at the close of a summer day,
When the fair, young moon in the east was up,
And falling, as falls the peace of God,
The dew dropped balm in the wild-flower's
cup.

And soft south winds touched the weary brow
Of a woman who leaned on a cottage gate
And lingered to catch the low, sweet call
Of a late bird singing home to his mate.

From within she heard the household talk,
As if each to other were true and dear,
And after her, down the lonesome street,
Followed the sound of mirthful cheer.

They were blest, she knew, in their homely peace, —
A sad smile trembled about her mouth, —
“I am glad,” she said, “that for some poor souls
There be full wells, though the rest have drouth.”

She saw the children about the doors,
With fond young lips for mothers to kiss,
And from every home, as she passed along,
She caught some cadence of household bliss.

Till she came, at last, to her own low roof,
Where she and a ghost dwelt face to face, —
The ghost of her days of joy and youth,
The only guest in that lonesome place.

They talked together of all the past, —
She and the ghost, in the white moonlight, —
Till the pale guest's face like an angel's grew,
An old-time glory had made it bright.

When the dawn arose, they both were gone, —
On the bed a shape like the woman's lay, —
But she, with the ghost of the gay, glad past,
To some land of shadows had wandered away :

A land where she found the lost again, —
Where youth was waiting, and love was sweet,
And all the joys she had buried once
Sprang up like blossoms about her feet.



THERE.



Do any hearts ache there, beyond the peaceful
river?

Do fond souls wait, with longing in their eyes,
For those who come not, will not come, forever, —
For some wild hope whose dawn will never rise?

Do any love there still, beyond the silent river,
The ones they loved in vain, this side its flow?
Does the old pain make their heart-strings ache and
quiver? —

I shall go home, some day, go home and know.

The hill-tops are bright there, beyond the shining river,
And the long glad day, it never turns to night, —
They must be blest, indeed, to bear the light for ever,
Grief longs for darkness to hide its tears from sight.

Are tears turned to smiling, beyond the blessed river,
And mortal pain and passion drowned in its flow? —
Then all we who sit on its hither bank and shiver,
Let us rejoice, — we shall go home and know.



SOMEBODY'S CHILD.



JUST a picture of Somebody's child, —
Sweet face set in its golden hair,
Violet eyes, and cheeks of rose,
Rounded chin, with a dimple there,

Tender eyes where the shadows sleep,
Lit from within by a secret ray, —
Tender eyes that will shine like stars
When love and womanhood come this way :

Scarlet lips with a story to tell, —
Blessed be he who shall find it out,
Who shall learn the eyes' deep secret well,
And read the heart with never a doubt.

Then you will tremble, scarlet lips,
Then you will crimson, loveliest cheeks :
Eyes will brighten and blushes will burn
When the one true lover bends and speaks.

But she 's only a child now, as you see,
Only a child in her careless grace :
When Love and Womanhood come this way
Will any thing sadden the flower-like face ?



A WOMAN'S WAITING.



UNDER the apple-tree blossoms, in May,
Robert and I watched the sun go down :
Behind us the road stretched back to the East,
On through the meadows to Danbury town.

Silent we sat, for our hearts were full,
Silently watched the reddening sky,
And saw the clouds across the west
Like the phantoms of ships sail silently.

Robert had come with a story to tell,
I knew it before he had said a word, —
It looked from his eyes, and it shadowed his face, —
He was going to march with the Twenty-third.

We had been neighbours from childhood up,
Gone to school by the self-same way,
Climbed the same steep woodland paths,
Knelt in the same old church to pray.

We had wandered together, boy and girl,
Where wild flowers grew and wild grapes hung,
Tasted the sweetness of summer days
When hearts were true and life was young.

But never a love word had crossed his lips,
Never a hint of pledge or vow,
Until, as the sun went down that night,
His tremulous kisses touched my brow: —

“Jenny,” he said, “I’ve a work to do
For God and my country and the right, —
True hearts, strong arms, are needed now, —
I must not linger when others fight.

“ Will you give me a pledge to cheer me on, —
A hope to look forward to, by and by?
Will you wait for me, Jenny, till I come back? ”
“ I will wait,” I answered, “ until I die.”

The May moon rose as we walked that night
Back through the meadows to Danbury town,
And one star rose and shone by her side, —
Calmly and sweetly they both looked down.

The scent of blossoms was in the air,
The sky was blue and the eve was bright,
And Robert said, as he walked by my side,
“ Old Danbury town is fair to-night.

“ I shall think of it, Jenny, when far away,
Placid and still 'neath the moon as now, —
I shall see it, Darling, in many a dream,
And you with the moonlight on your brow.”

No matter what else were his parting words, —
They are mine to treasure until I die,
With the clinging kisses and lingering looks,
The tender pain of that fond good bye.

I did not weep, — I tried to be brave :
I watched him until he was out of sight, —
Then suddenly all the world grew dark,
And I was blind in the bright May night.

Blind and helpless I slid to the ground
And lay with the night-dews on my hair,
Till the moon was down and the dawn was up,
And the fresh May morn rose clear and fair.

He was taken and I was left, —
Left to wait and to watch and pray, —
Till there came a message over the wires
Chilling the air of the August day : —

Killed in a skirmish eight or ten, —
Wounded and helpless as many more, —
All of them our Connecticut men, —
From the little town of Danbury, Four.

But I only saw a single name, —
Of one who was all the world to me :
I promised to wait for him till I died, —
O God, O Heaven, how long will it be ?

1863.



JOHN A. ANDREW.

1867.



LARGE of heart, and grand, and calm,
Who held the helm of state so long,
Our plaining mingles with our praise,
Our sorrow sanctifies our song.

Clear eyes, kind lips so silent now,
Ears deaf to all our worldly din,
Great soul which has not left its peer,
We would the grave-sod had shut in

Some lesser man, and we, to-day,
Had thy strong will to urge us on,
Thy brain to plan, thy hand to help,
Thy cheerful voice to say "well done!"

But whatsoe'er we do of good,
In doing it we honor thee ;
We follow where our leader led, —
Can he look down from heaven and see?



THE COUNTRY OF "IF."



HERE is not much, indeed, that I can say
Since "If" was the sole country of our
dreams,

And at its gate one stood to bar the way
To that glad land, those silver-shining streams.

I know, dear Heart, how fair that country is, —
Its rivers flow through meadows green and still,
Its skies bend lovingly o'er lovers' bliss,
No cold winds blow there, and no winters chill.

There would we fain have wandered, thou and I, —
But the strong Angel met us at its gate :
He heeded not Love's prayer, or Passion's cry, —
"Oh, fools and mad," he said, "you come too late "

FOR CUPID DEAD.



WHEN Love is dead, what more but funeral
rites, —

To lay his sweet corpse lovingly to rest,
To cover him with rose and eglantine,
And all fair posies that he loved the best?

What more, but kisses for his close-shut eyes,
His cold, still lips that never more will speak, —
His hair, too bright for dust of death to dim,
The flush scarce faded from his frozen cheek?

What more, but tears that will not warm his brow,
Although they burn the eyes from whence they start?
No bitter weeping or more bitter words
Can rouse to one more throb that pulseless heart.

So dead he is, who once was so alive !

In summer, when the ardent days were long,
He was as warm as June, as gay and glad
As any bird that swelled its throat with song.

So dead ! yet all things were his ministers, —

All birds and blossoms, and the joyous June :
Would they had died, and kept sweet Love alive !
Since he is gone, the world is out of tune.



WE LAY US DOWN' TO SLEEP.



W e lay us down to sleep,
And leave to God the rest,
Whether to wake and weep
Or wake no more be best.

Why vex our souls with care?
The grave is cool and low, —
Have we found life so fair
That we should dread to go?

We 've kissed love's sweet, red lips,
And left them sweet and red:
The rose the wild bee sips
Blooms on when he is dead.

Some faithful friends we 've found,
 But they who love us best,
When we are under ground,
 Will laugh on with the rest.

No task have we begun
 But other hands can take :
No work beneath the sun
 For which we need to wake.

Then hold us fast, sweet Death,
 If so it seemeth best
To Him who gave us breath
 That we should go to rest.

We lay us down to sleep,
 Our weary eyes we close :
Whether to wake and weep
 Or wake no more, He knows.



SONNETS.




THE NEW DAY.



WHEN the great sun sets the glad East aflame,
The lingering stars are swiftly put to flight ;
For Day, triumphant, overthrows the night,
And mocks the lights that twinkled till he came.
The waning moon retires in sudden shame ;
And all the air, from roseate height to height,
Quivers with wings of birds, that take the light
To jubilant music of one tender name.

So Thou hast risen, — Thou who art my day ;
And every lesser light has ceased to shine.
Pale stars, confronted by this dawn of thine,
Like night and gloom and grief have passed away ;
And yet my bliss I fear to call it mine,
Lest fresh foes lurk with unforeseen dismay.

ONE DREAD.

 O depth, dear Love, for thee is too profound ;
There is no farthest height thou mayst not
dare,

Nor shall thy wings fail in the upper air :
In funeral robe and wreath my past lies bound ;
No old-time voice assails me with its sound
When thine I hear ; no former joy seems fair ;
And now one only thing could bring despair,
One grief like compassing seas my life surround,
One only terror in my way be met,
One great eclipse change my glad day to night,
One phantom only turn from red to white
The lips whereon thy lips have once been set :
Thou knowest well, dear Love, what that must be, —
The dread of some dark day unshared by thee.

AFAR.



HERE Thou art not no day holds light for me,
 The brightest noontide turns to midnight
 deep ;

There no bird sings, but awesome shadows creep, —
 Persistent ghosts that hold my memory,
 And walk where Joy and Hope once walked with thee,
 And in thy place their lonesome vigil keep, —
 Sad shades that haunt the inmost ways of sleep,
 No kindly morning ever bids them flee.

Those tireless footsteps, will they never cease?

Like crownless queens they tread their ancient ways, —
 Pale phantoms of old dreams and vanished days, —
 And mock my poor endeavors after peace.

Too long this Arctic night, too keen its cold ;
 Come back, strong sun, and warm me as of old !

LAST YEAR.

I.



YOU thought, O Love, you loved me then, I
know ;

For that I bless you, now when Love is cold,
Remembering how warm the tale you told,
While winds of autumn fitfully did blow,
And, by the sea's perpetual ebb and flow,
We wandered on together to behold
Noon's radiant splendor, or the sunset's gold,
Or beauty of still nights where moons hung low.

Your voice grew tender when you called my name ;
I heard that voice to-day, — was it the same? —

The old-time music trembles in it yet.
Your touch thrilled through me like a sudden flame,
And then Love's sweet and subtle madness came.
And glad lips clung that now to kiss forget.

II.

You surely must remember, though to-day
 There is no spell to charm you in the past.
 So dear the dream was that it could not last :
Too soon our pleasant skies were changed to gray ;
The sun turned from our barren land away,
 And all the leaves swept by us on the blast,
 And all our hopes to that wild wind were cast —
For dead Love's soul there is no place to pray.

But still the old time lingers in our thought ;
 In our regretful dreams the old suns rise,
And from their shining, memory hath caught
 Some lingering glory of that glad surprise
When Love rose on us like the sun, and brought
 Our hearts their morning under last year's skies.

FIRST LOVE.



TIME was you heard the music of a sigh,
And Love awoke; and with it Song was
born, —

Song glad as young birds carol in the morn,
And tender as the blue and brooding sky,
When all the earth feels Spring's warm witchery,
And with fresh flowers her bosom doth adorn;
And lovers love, and cannot love forlorn,
Since Love is of the gods, and may not die.

In after years may come some wildering light, —
Some sweet delusion, followed for a space, —
Such fitful fire-flies flash athwart the night,
But fade before the shining of that face
Which shines upon you still in Death's despite,
Whose steadfast beauty lights till death your days.

LOVE'S FORGIVENESS.




DO forgive you for the pain I bear,
Though bitter pain is mingled with my bliss ;
For still I think, while thrilling to your kiss,
“ He found that other woman much more fair.”

I read your words, and see, immortal there,
Another love — how warm it was to this !
And know that from my face you still must miss
The beauty that another used to wear.

Yet I forgive you, Dear, and bow my head
To Destiny, my master and your own, —
He sets the way wherein my feet must tread ;
And if he give me nothing quite mine own, —
I know some day my heart, so sore bested,
Will rest most quietly, and turn to stone.

IN TIME TO COME.

HE time will come full soon ! I shall be gone,
And you sit silent in the silent place,
With the sad Autumn sunlight on your face.
Remembering the loves that were your own,
Haunted perchance by some familiar tone,
You will be weary then for the dead days,
And mindful of their sweet and bitter ways,
Though passion into memory shall have grown.

Then will I with your other ghosts draw nigh,
And whisper, as I pass, some former word,—
Some old endearment known in days gone by,
Some tenderness that once your pulses stirred :—
Which was it spoke to you, the wind or I ?
I think you, musing, scarcely will have heard.

A SUMMER'S GROWTH.



FAIR was the flower which proffers now its fruit ;

The bud began to swell 'neath Spring's soft
dew,

And tenderly the winds of summer blew
To foster it ; and great strong suns were mute,
As through its veins warm life began to shoot,
And it put on each day some beauty new.
And all the fairer, as I think, it grew,
Because the streams were tears about its root.

But now our fruit hangs well within our reach,
And this indeed is time for gathering.
It hath the bloom of summer-tinted peach,
Each charm it hath that any man could sing ;
Yet we, who taste it, whisper each to each,
“Not sweet, but very bitter, is this thing !”

MY BIRTHDAY.



HIDE not because I doubt who would believe !
Has not my life been like that April day
Whose dawn awoke us with such proud display
Of mocking glory, kindled to deceive,
While in the distance low winds seemed to grieve, —
Winds sad with prophecy, — then skies grew gray,
And all the morning splendor passed away,
And dark with rain came on the gusty eve ?

That was my birthday, symbol of my birth, —
Capricious April's heir, the sport of Fate,
Doomed to be better friends with Grief than Mirth,
To know no love that did not come too late, —
My only hope, sore spent with life's long pain,
In some glad morning to be born again.

SOME ENGLISH OPINIONS

OR

MRS. MOULTON'S "SWALLOW FLIGHTS."

Prof. William Minto, in London "Examiner."

SUCH poems as "Swallow Flights" are sure to command attention wherever and in whatever form they are read, because of their marked individuality and power.

In this little volume there is no trace of the provinciality of tone which has hitherto prevented any American poet from attaining the first rank. These verses are fresh, direct, spontaneous, occupied wholly and earnestly with their subject, without any sideward looking or uneasy straining after the methods of other poets; and she shows herself possessed of sufficient resource to fill them with a rich and pure music of their own. Here in the mother country, where we have so many schools of poetry, and so many eminent masters and hardly less eminent disciples, it is a pleasure to receive from over the seas poems which are so entirely independent of them all, and yet so unaffected in their originality. It is, perhaps, a good augury for the future of American poetry that the spirit with which these poems have most in common is the spirit of the forerunners of the great Elizabethan period. They are not at all archaic in form, but they deal with the simple, primitive emotions;

and again and again, as we read through them, we are reminded of Wyatt and Sydney, and the casual lyrics gathered in such collections as "England's Helicon." The following sonnet ("One Dread"), for example, apart from a slight difference in the scheme of its rhymes, might be passed off as one of the series addressed by "Astrophel" to "Stella."

There is no "poisonous honey stolen from France" here; it comes from the English Hymettus. To quote another example, the following ("How Long?") might have found a place by the side of Wyatt's "Forget Not Yet."

To those who have formed their idea of the American poetess from the friends and admirers of Elijah Pogram, Mrs. Moulton's "Swallow Flights" will be a pleasant surprise. Her language is never extravagant; her "swallows" never mar the beauty of their flight by soaring to dizzy heights of the sublime and the fantastic ideal. We do not, indeed, know where we shall find among the works of English poetesses the same self-controlled fulness of expression with the same depth and tenderness of simple feeling. The reserved strength of Mrs. Moulton's art is of a kind which we have been accustomed to consider peculiarly masculine. George Eliot's achievements in the field of imagination have a greatness that these humble "Swallow Flights" cannot pretend to, and her expression of strong feeling in *prose* has long been above criticism as masterly; but it may be doubted whether she has ever succeeded in expressing the same intensity of feeling in *verse* of equal fulness, and equally free from that taint of over-excitement which is so fatal to high art.

From "The Athenæum."

Mrs. Moulton has a real claim to attention. It is not too much to say of these poems that they exhibit delicate and rare beauty, marked originality, and perfection of style. What is still better,

they impress us with a sense of vivid and subtle imagination, and that spontaneous feeling which is the essence of lyrical poetry. Mrs. Moulton's general vein is sad; but it is plain that the sadness is genuine, and not sought after as a stimulant to composition, — a motive which seems too prevalent with modern writers, who must fancy themselves wretched before they can rhyme. A poem called "The House of Death" is a fine example of the writer's best style. It paints briefly, but with ghostly fidelity, the doomed house, which stands blind and voiceless amid the light and laughter of summer. The lines which we print in italics show a depth of suggestion and a power of epithet which it would be difficult to surpass.

THE HOUSE OF DEATH.

Not a hand has lifted the latchet
 Since she went out of the door;
 No footstep shall cross the threshold,
 Since she can come in no more.

There is rust upon locks and hinges,
 And mould and blight on the walls;
*And silence faints in the chambers,
 And darkness waits in the hall, —*

Waits as all things have waited
 Since she went, that day of spring,
 Borne in her pallid splendor,
 To dwell in the Court of the King,

With lilies on brow and bosom,
 With robes of silken sheen,
*And her wonderful, frozen beauty
 The lilies and silk between.*

Red roses she left behind her,
 But they died long, long ago;
 'T was the odorous ghost of a blossom
 That seemed through the dusk to glow.

The garments she left mock the shadows
 With hints of womanly grace;
 And her image swims in the mirror
 That was so used to her face.

*The birds make insolent music
 Where the sunshine riots outside,
 And the winds are merry and wanton
 With the summer's pomp and pride.*

But into this desolate mansion,
 Where love has closed the door,
 Nor sunshine nor summer shall enter,
 Since she can come in no more.

The sonnets are no less spontaneous than the lyrics, and are of the same high order of imagination. They differ essentially from most modern sonnets, inasmuch as they narrate, or at all events imply, a story. "A Summer's Growth," showing how a love expanding amid all prospering circumstances turns bitter in maturity is an excellent specimen of what Mrs. Moulton can effect in this difficult form of composition.

To persons who judge poetry by essence rather than bulk, and who have accepted the truth that the age for epics is past, — that we have turned from fabled exploits of heroes and demigods to the deeper, if more limited, interests of man in his daily relations to life, — this book will be especially welcome.

From the "Morning Post," London.

To the critic, weary with disappointments, it is a true pleasure to meet with a book which not only professes to be poetry, but makes good its profession. Such a book is this of Mrs. Moulton's, which displays, throughout, subtlety of imagination, delicacy of thought, precision of execution, and a depth of genuine emotion too seldom met with in these days of artificial sentiment. Mrs.

Moulton possesses, moreover, the somewhat rare faculty of knowing when to stop. Her felicity of epithet enables her to produce striking results with no waste of means. A few graphic touches, and we have before us a poem all the more perfect because it does not exhaust the subject, but leaves something to the co-operating imagination of the reader. "The House of Death," for example, contrasts the grief of man with the callousness of Nature with a fulness of suggestion and conciseness of method that impress an indelible picture on the memory.

Brief as the poems are which compose this slender volume, they yet exhibit great variety of sentiment and treatment. Let the reader compare with "The House of Death" the spring carol called "May Flowers," and set the brightness and daintiness of the one against the almost supernatural suggestiveness of the other.

In a spirit distinct from either of the above is "A Problem," which, by its quaint fancy, recalls, though with no sense of imitation, our earlier English poets. Faultless in conception as in manner, "A Madrigal" exhibits that simple but emphatic music of rhythm so essential to this form of composition. It is a sigh over the mutability of love, — a sigh the pain of which is softened by its tenderness.

The expression of concentrated despair entitled "At The Last," evinces once more a distinct phase of emotion. It is hopeless as if death itself had been requickened to utter it. The forgiveness which it breathes is more terrible than any form of implacability.

Resisting the temptation to quote further from the lyrical portion of the book, we pass at once to the sonnets, which, though there are but nine of them, deserve especial notice. Excellent in construction and vigorous in spirit, they display the condensation which we have before praised and which is here of essential value.

If we interpret them rightly, they form a complete series and shadow forth a story. To make the sonnet a vehicle for narrative is to turn it to a use novel in our time, though the same purpose has to some extent been realized in the "Vita Nuova" of Dante. In the hands of Mrs. Moulton, the experiment is successful, though it might be somewhat dangerous to regard it as a general precedent. The first three sonnets, entitled respectively "The New Day," "One Dread," and "Afar," show the happiness of new love before which old griefs fade out and old joys turn pale. The two which follow, under the same heading of "Last Year," strike a note of trouble and change which in the sixth and seventh sonnets, "First Love" and "Love's Forgiveness," are shown to spring from the memory of a former love that recurs to one of the *dramatis personæ*. In Sonnet VIII. "In Time to Come," we see the division between heart and heart surely widening. "A Summer's Growth," which closes the series, seems to intimate, if read by the light of the entire context, that a new love planted on the grave of a dead one, though it have brave promise in its spring, may not thrive in its maturity. With some difficulty in making a selection we give the eighth sonnet, which commends itself to us by a touch of irony rather mournful than bitter, and by a reserved strength which develops in its very restraint the passion which inspires it. It is truly a noble sonnet; the suggestiveness of the lines which conclude it cannot easily be surpassed.

Philip Bourke Marston in "London Academy."

In these days of imitative art, it is refreshing to meet with a volume like the present. Mrs. Moulton is an American lady; the fact that her work shows no special influence of either American or English literature is therefore in itself some proof of tenacious originality. The distinguishing qualities of these poems are extreme directness and concentration of utterance, unvarying harmony between thought and expression, and a happy freedom from

that costly elaboration of style so much in vogue at present, through which lyrical spontaneity cannot penetrate. Yet, while thus free from elaboration, Mrs. Moulton's style displays rare felicity of epithet. Two poems, entitled respectively, "Morning Glory" and "Out in the Snow," are, for instance, brilliant specimens of word-painting. The first, a description of summer sunrise, has in it the very breath and voice of dawn, the strength and freshness of glad awakening life; the second, which paints a winter morning, has all the keenness, yet all the exhilaration and glory of frosty air and of sunlight upon snow.

These examples, with others equally healthy in tone and vigorous in execution, show that when Mrs. Moulton writes sadly, her sadness is not of necessity, is neither sentimental nor artificial, but only the natural outcome of a nature equally sensitive to pleasure and to pain, and endowed with unusual capacities for enjoying or suffering. Nor is her melancholy merely that of self-reference. As a rule, it has its source in sympathy with man in general, and takes tender note of the perplexities and sufferings which belong to his condition.

The poetical faculty of the writer is in no way more strongly evinced than by the subtlety and suggestiveness of her ideas. In a poem where she speculates on what may be the condition of men and women after death, she speaks —

"Of the deep grave's delights,
Where through long days and nights
They hear the green things grow —

Cool-rooted flowers that come
So near to that still home,
Their ways the dead must know —

And shivers in the grass,
When winds of summer pass,
And whisper as they go

Of the mad life above,
Where men like masquers move;
Or are they ghosts — who knows?

Sad ghosts who cannot die,
And watch slow years go by
Amid those painted shows?"

This intimate association of the dead with the mysterious and hidden life of Nature is an idea which could only have occurred to a true poet. Not less imaginative is the fancied confusion of life with death in which both become equally unreal and phantasmal.

These poems have another and rare merit, with all their imaginative force: they are pervaded by the depth and sweetness of perfect womanhood, and entirely free from that trick of mannishness into which intellectual women are sometimes betrayed. They reveal, at times, the strength of passion; but it is always passion transfigured by love. Sometimes the feminine nature asserts itself by a mournful irony, subtle as the most delicate aroma.

We have but brief space to speak of the sonnets. They are excellent in construction as in spirit.

This volume will appeal primarily to poets; but its unstrained, simple beauty of thought and expression will surely win for it a far wider audience.

From the "Sunday Times," London.

Here is something more than the gentle and pensive thought, the humanizing aspiration, which constitute the soul of much poetry from feminine sources. These qualities indeed are there; but there is, in addition, a measure of poetic insight, and a power of bringing into sympathetic accord human aspirations and the beauty of exterior things, which is one of the rarest and most precious gifts of the poet. The volume is sure of a warm welcome wherever a love of true poetry is found.

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